EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. I. — No. 6. BOSTON, NOVEMBER 22, 1885. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

THANKSGIVING.

ON this merriest of all our New England holidays (now come to be a national one), I think it is pleasant to remember how we came by it. The first Thanksgiving was not looked forward to and prepared for as it is now. Those who celebrated it had not spent hours over the fowls, the mince-pies, and the dainties of all sorts we connect with it. In the little colony of English on the bleak New England coast, the summer had been a hard one, the harvest scanty, and already, in November, the food was giving out. The ships they expected from England had not come, and starvation stared them in the face. The Governor of the Colony appointed a day for fasting and prayer, that they might pray to God for help. But, just at that time, a ship hove in sight, bringing provisions, and the day for fasting was changed to one of thanksgiving. I am glad that it has come down to us, our most precious holiday, for I think we are too prone always to pray and never to praise. We are always asking God for something more or different, or to continue those things He gives us, and I fear we sometimes forget to thank Him at all. It is well to be reminded, once in a while, of our duties in that direction. P.

A COWARD.

"JAMES LONG is the biggest coward I ever saw!" said a little boy to his mother. "He 's just *afraid* to fight!"

"Is he also afraid to tell the truth?" his mother asked quietly.

"Why! what do you mean, mother? Of course not! No one ever knew James Long to tell a lie."

"You called him the 'biggest coward you ever saw,'" his mother went on. "It is not always the sign of a coward to refuse to fight. It is sometimes the sign of a very brave boy; and if James is never afraid to tell the truth, I think you are mistaken in saying he is a coward. I am afraid you do not know what a coward is. To fight is not necessarily to be brave. Sometimes it is to be merely a bully, sometimes to be cruel, sometimes to be vindictive. A cowardly spirit is a mean spirit. He is the real coward who deceives his teachers and parents, receives and takes praise or reward that he knows does not belong to him, insinuates evil things of his schoolmates, tells tales, and torments those weaker than himself, does not pay his fare if he chances to be overlooked by the man who takes it, cheats in games, and sins in the little ways that will escape detection and punishment. A coward is very detestable." P.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN DAMASCUS.

WOULD not the school-boys and school-girls of America like to get a peep at school-life in the strange old city of Damascus? The school-houses are built long and low; they are not fitted up with seats and desks; but the scholars sit on mats on the floor, with their legs crossed.

If a boy does not want to go to school, but would prefer to stay at home and play, his mother tells him that if he will go his teeth will become golden. This usually has the desired effect on the young Syrian, and he trudges off to school. If he studies well his teeth *will* become golden — in a figurative sense, at least; but he finds, to his disappointment, that his white ivories really never change into the bright metal.

The first lesson a pupil is taught, on entering the school, is the proper manner of saluting the teacher. This is done by the scholar kissing the teacher's hand, and placing it on his forehead.

The punishments for breaking the rules at school are very severe; and I do not think that American school-children would be willing to exchange life with the little Syrians. — *S. S. Times.*

DANTE'S IDEAL.

IN his lecture on Dante, Canon Farrar first tells his hearers how noble and heroic a life the great Italian poet lived, — how true he was as a friend and a patriot, and how bravely he bore his trials. Then he shows us the kind of man that Dante wanted to picture forth in his poems and to help us who read those poems to become ourselves: "The ideal of one who in boyhood is gentle and obedient and modest; in youth is temperate, resolute, and loyal; in ripe years is prudent, just, and generous and who in age has attained to calm wisdom and to perfect peace in God."

A HUNDRED PER CENT AT HOME.

(*Concluded from p. 34.*)

BY MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

THERE was no regular school the next day, but the scholars were to come a little before noon to receive their algebra papers, with their percentage marked upon them. Agatha had been alternately elated and nervous as the morning advanced; and her mother was very glad when it was time for her to go. She was to be back at the usual hour for dinner, but she did not come. When the meal was half over, however, the front door opened and shut again with a loud bang, and she was heard rushing up the stairs; then her own room-door repeated the bang of the front door, and all was silent.

"What *can* be the matter with Agatha?" said Mrs. Comstock, in an alarmed tone.

"She has probably failed of a hundred per cent in her algebra examination," answered Mr. Comstock, dryly.

"Poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Comstock. "If you will excuse me, I think I had better go to her."

Another moment found her by Agatha's side. She found her weeping violently, and at first could not get any reply to her anxious questions. At last, amidst convulsive sobs, these words became intelligible: —

"I would n't care if it was a *real* miss, but to fail on what I *knew* is more than I can bear, when I 've nearly killed myself trying, too!" and here a fresh storm of tears, provoked by the last words of self-pity, choked her utterance, and Mrs. Comstock was obliged to guess, as best she could, the meaning of the broken sentences already spoken, for coaxing and caressing alike failed of any response but tears, and she finally decided it would be best to leave her daughter alone, until she should become more composed.

Agatha's cry ended, as school girls' storms of sorrow are apt to, in a heavy sleep, from which she awoke just in time to go down to supper. She was tempted to absent herself from it, as she had from dinner, — she dreaded so to show herself with her swollen eyes; but her appetite was stronger than her pride, and she slipped quietly to her place with the rest. She was a sorry-looking object, and both parents refrained from noticing her, or referring to the examinations, — thinking this the kinder way. She was grateful at first to be let alone, but by and by she began to long for sympathy.

"Did Mother tell you," she asked, turning to her father, "that I missed of a hundred, just because I got so nervous toward the last that I misunderstood a question, and, of course, wrote a wrong answer, when I knew the right one, as well as I know my A B C? Is n't it too unspeakably aggravating?"

Mr. Comstock allowed an instant's pause to follow Agatha's question; then he answered kindly, but gravely, —

"Yes, my daughter, your disappointment has come in a shape that makes it very hard to bear. I am really sorry for you, for I know how determined your ambition was to reach the standard you had set for yourself; but," — a second's pause again, — "I hope sometime to see you equally earnest to deserve a hundred per cent at home."

Poor Agatha! This was the last drop in her cup of sorrow! Her lip quivered, and after an instant's unavailing effort at self-control, she fled precipitately back to her own room. As she closed the door, Mrs. Comstock turned an annoyed and questioning glance upon her husband. He answered her look.

"I was sorry to grieve Agatha," he said, "but there will perhaps come no better time for her to learn one of the most important distinctions in life, — that between *worth* and its *label*. If it comes to her in connection with this experience (which is bitter for her, poor child), it will remain with her through life; if it is presented to her twenty times as an abstract proposition, she is apt to forget it as many. My words will seem cruel to her now, but they will stay in her mind, and by and by, when she is less excited, I will help her to understand them."

Meantime poor Agatha had worked herself into a tragic state. She had so long been praised by teachers, and envied or admired, as the case might be, by her schoolmates, that she had seemed to herself, even before her father spoke, the most unfortunate of mortals; and now, to have her own father turn against her, — for that was the way that, in her over-excited state, she put things to herself, — her own dear father, — when even her teacher at school had sympathized, with tears in her eyes, — her *father*, from whom she was always sure of sympathy, — it was cruel, and past understanding. Having thus added the woes of injured innocence to her already heavy burden of sorrow, she remembered that she was very hungry, having scarcely tasted her supper when she left the table, besides having eaten no dinner; she thought, at first, she would go to bed without eating anything, — having somehow an indefinite notion that the cadaverous appearance she would make the next day would impress her sufferings upon the family; but hunger finally got the better of this dramatic resolve, and she went to the kitchen to see what she could find to eat. Her father heard her step as she came back, and called her into the sitting-room.

"Have you time for a game of chess, Agatha?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Thanks," she answered stiffly, "I hardly feel well enough," and with a cold "good-night," she went off to bed.

All the next day she bore herself like a fresh recruit to the noble army of martyrs; but all the time, in spite of her sense of injury, she knew, deep down in her heart, that her father would not have wounded her without a motive, and that that motive must have been true and kind; and by night this thought had so far got the better of her mood that she was more like her sensible, lovable self than she had been for a week. That evening she came behind her father's chair as he laid aside the paper, and said, —

"I 've been thinking, Father, all day, about what you said last night at supper, and I think I partly understand it, but somehow I can't see yet, how it was wrong for me to try to stand well in school; and of course I could n't work as I did for my examinations, and do much else. Do you mind telling me just what you meant?"

"Certainly not, my daughter," he answered, drawing her down to the arm of his big easy chair, — a favorite seat of hers when they were talking together, — "I know my words last night must have seemed hard, but I wanted you to try to think out their meaning, just as you say you have been doing to-day. In the first place, can you tell me what an examination is for?"

"Why, I suppose to see who stands the highest," answered Agatha.

"Yes," said Mr. Comstock, "I 'm afraid it has practically resolved itself into that, at least in the minds of pupils, but the thought of rivalry or emulation should not come into it at all; an examination *should* be only a test of the work done by a scholar, throughout the term, — of use to the teacher, if properly conducted, as showing whether that work was superficial, or of lasting quality. But an examination is not knowledge, it is only the test of knowledge; and the knowledge itself is all a scholar should care for. Now if you look carefully into your mind, I think that you will see that you have cared more this last week to gratify your vanity, by excelling the other scholars, and making a record that would be spoken of by all your friends, than for any knowledge you were gaining. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir," answered Agatha, dolefully, "I'm afraid you are;" then, with a sudden twinkle in her eye, "but, Papa, how about the knowledge itself that I got while I was 'cramming?' Was n't that good for me to have?"

"No, daughter," he replied, "nothing is good for us to have that we get in a wrong way, and we have no right to make ourselves ill and others uncomfortable, even in getting useful knowledge; and in this case, there was another wrong, too. If an examination is to be a true test of the work done from day to day through the term, it is unfair to do any special study for it. You see now that the lesson I tried to bring to your mind last night was to think more of duty than praise. I am sure you are too old to take the expression 'a hundred per cent at home' literally; of course, the only 'marking' here is your dear mother's smile, and the consciousness that you have helped her. I used the word 'per cent' because I knew it would ensure your attention. Of course, too, I know that your lessons are, and ought to be, the chief occupation of your time; and your mother also, as you know, is only too anxious not to interfere with them; but I think hereafter you will not let a foolish spirit of emulation tempt you to impose on her over-tasked strength. However, it is not in this one direction alone that I want you to apply the thought that I have tried to give you; it is a principle that should enter into all our living. Older people, as well as children and young people, are in constant danger of valuing the reward of goodness more than goodness itself, and of dreading the punishment of sin more than sin itself; and if when you are as old as I am, you can look back through your life, and see that this little talk this evening has helped you against that mistake, you will be very glad we had it, though it may have seemed a little tedious and hard to understand. Now shall we have the game we missed last evening?"

There were tears in Agatha's eyes, but they were not tears of anger now, and with a cheerful "Yes, sir, if you please," she went for the chess-board, quietly drying her eyes by the way. Before she seated herself for the game, however, she slipped her arm around her father's neck and kissed him, saying as she did so, "I 'm afraid I shall find it awful hard to keep things straight, and think of them as I really ought, but I will try."

This was the end of the talk for that night, but as the days and weeks went on, Agatha's parents could see that it was the beginning, in her mind, of a truer way of looking at things. I have told all about it in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY hoping that some of the young people who read the story may be helped to do some of the same kind of thinking and trying that Agatha did.

To be perfect, there is no need to do singular things; what is needed is to do common things singularly well.

SOME INTELLIGENT DOGS.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

A GENTLEMAN travelling in Europe had with him his favorite dog, a very intelligent and affectionate spaniel. One morning he left her at his lodgings, and went away for the day. Just before leaving his room, he took out his pocket-book and counted his money, to see if he had enough by him for immediate use, as he thought it safest to carry but little at a time. When he paid for his lunch at a coffee-room, he missed a "Louis-d'or," as a certain gold coin is called, and searched his pockets, but could not find it.

On returning to his lodgings, he was told that his poor dog was very sick; she had not eaten anything during the day, and yet, strange to say, would not let her food be taken away, but lay still, nearly touching the dish with her nose. The moment he entered the room, she bounded to meet him, showing the greatest pleasure at his return, and laid the gold coin at his feet. She then turned to her untasted dinner, and devoured it in eager haste, as if nearly famished. The coin had fallen on the floor without his notice, while he was counting his money in the morning. The dog had found it, and kept it in her mouth all day, refusing to lay it down, even to eat or drink, lest she should lose it.

A large brown water-dog, belonging to the captain of a steamboat, went with him on his daily trips. He was good-tempered and intelligent, and a great favorite with the passengers. They often gave him money. He would carry the coin in his mouth to a woman who sat on deck with a basket of cakes, and buy one; and he always carried the cake he received to the lady or gentleman who had given him the penny, and waited till this one told him he might eat it. He never made a mistake, no matter how crowded the boat might be. This dog saved many lives, especially of children, who had fallen overboard. He was dearly loved, as he well deserved to be.

A Newfoundland, when taking his walks abroad, was annoyed by small dogs coming up and barking around him. He took no notice of them, for he was too generous to hurt a dog smaller than himself. But one little cur was very troublesome, day after day, and once bit his leg. This was not to be endured, and he instantly turned and chased the cur. He soon caught him, and took him up in his mouth, but without hurting him. He carried him to the wharf, and held him some minutes over the water; then let him fall into it. The small dog could not swim much, and, of course, was frightened; which was all the Newfoundland intended. He stood on the wharf, watching him a few moments, till pity overcame his resentment, and then plunged in, and brought the little dog, dripping and nearly exhausted, but safe, to land.

A gentleman, in passing from one part of his grounds to another, had occasion to open a heavy gate. A lame puppy was lying on the other side, directly in the way. The gate, if opened, would roll him over and hurt him. His kind master hesitated a moment, and concluded to go some distance around to another gate. His Newfoundland dog stood within the enclosure, waiting patiently for him, expecting a pat and kind word, as usual; and wondering at the delay, looked down and noticed the puppy. He understood the matter instantly. Very gently and carefully he rolled the little creature one side with his paw, and then moved back himself to leave room to open the gate.

History and Biography.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

BY G. D. P.

EVERY newspaper in the land has, within the last six months, published some article on the life of Grant. In nearly every American town people have listened to a eulogy of the great general; and there is not a boy or girl old enough to read who does not know more or less about this great man. They know that he was brave and honest; that he was modest and unambitious; that on the field he was our greatest commander, in the home a loving and tender father; that he did everything with singleness of purpose, not seeking his own advancement, but aiming only to do well what he had undertaken.

Some people, seeing how little he cared for fame, and yet won it; how much he disliked show and pageant of honor, and yet had it showered upon him through many years of his life; how common was his origin and how meagre his educational opportunities, and yet how great the eminence he reached, — have said he was a "child of Destiny," and have sought thus to account for his greatness; meaning by that, that not by his own exertions did he rise, but by the force of circumstances alone.

It is because I do not agree with these people that I have undertaken to say something about him to the children of our Sunday-schools. I think his whole life contains a lesson for every one of us, — a lesson we can each one profit by, even though we may never come to be great generals or presidents. The lesson is simple, the text an old one: "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily." Think not of defeat, but of success. Persevere.

It was a little frontier town in Ohio that had the honor of giving birth to our great general. His father was a tanner there, and very early in life the little son gave evidence of good reliable qualities. He was but six years old when he began to carry grist to the mill for his father. The bag would be laid across the horse's back and the little fellow perched on top, and then the staid old horse would take him safely there and back. One day he fell asleep, and both he and the bag fell off. The bag was too heavy for him to lift and they were far from any house. What did he do? He noticed a half-fallen tree that rested upon another, making an inclined plane. He led the horse close to it, then up its trunk he rolled and pushed the heavy bag till he got it as high as the horse's back, when he pushed it off into its proper place, got on himself, and rode home. That showed ingenuity and perseverance both.

Young Grant was always very fond of horses, and had such wonderful control over them that before he was twelve years old he had won quite a name for breaking colts. A very amusing story is told of his going to a circus once, and getting upon a pony that was trained to throw every stranger who mounted him, and holding on so firmly that the pony had to give it up, much to the delight of the audience.

Later on, at school, we read of his laughingly going to the dictionary to look out the word "can't," which all the boys were using over a certain difficult arithmetic lesson, and which he declared was not to be found there. It was not to be found in *his* vocabulary. Later in life, when the army under him occupied a particularly dangerous position, one of his officers asked him if he had made any preparations for retreat, in case they were defeated in the approaching battle. "No," he replied, "I am not going to be defeated." No wonder such a man succeeded!

I do not need, however, to refer to his manhood to show that spirit. When Grant was only twelve years old his father had the contract for building the new jail in town, and the son asked to have the job of hauling the logs for it. That he was given it will show you he was a boy to be depended upon, for children of that age are not generally trusted with such work. One day when he went to the woods he found the men had not gone to work on account of the rain, and there was no one to load the logs for him. It took four or five men with crow-bars and hand-spikes to get the logs on the team, and what was a boy of twelve to do? He used his wits again, and finding, as he did once before in his life, a half-fallen tree-trunk, with the help of one horse he pulled the logs up so that they leaned upon it, and then pulled them over on the team. He did not intend to lose his day's work, if the men *were* off.

One other story I want to tell you. A young cousin from Canada came to make him a visit, and in speaking of the relations between the United States and England, our mother-country, he said that Washington was a traitor. Of course he was so considered by the English; but Grant's patriotic soul was outraged, and he deliberately gave the boy a sound flogging for it and made him promise never again to speak of Washington otherwise than with respect.

These stories show his ingenuity, his persistence, his faithfulness, and his patriotism, which alone would make a successful commander; but he possessed still other qualities that helped to it. He had no envy. He was only glad for the good fortune of others, and never sought in any way to rise by keeping another down. As a conqueror he was most magnanimous, winning thus regard even from his enemies. He was pure-minded, hating oaths and coarseness, and he was truly religious; by which I mean that his religion regulated his life. In his last sickness, which was painful in the extreme, his steadfast soul helped him to endure with patience and fortitude; and his love for his family enabled him to write, even in such suffering, that book which, after his long and faithful life, was to be all he would have to leave them. There are not many men whose life is a better one to follow than that of this "modest, gentle, magnanimous warrior."

In our centennial year General Grant was asked by the editor of the "Sunday-School Times" to send him a letter for his readers. I will close this very imperfect sketch by copying here his words, which are for the children of every Sunday-school in the land he loved: —

"My advice to Sunday-schools, no matter what their denomination, is: Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and PRACTISE THEM IN YOUR LIVES.

"To the influence of this Book are we indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.

"'Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.'"

THE better we can imagine objects and relations not present to the sense, the more readily we can sympathize with other people. Half the cruelty in the world is the direct result of stupid incapacity to put one's self in the other man's place.

Our Letter-Box.

We have to-day another letter about the goat that can play at circus. Charley is the writer this time. It seems "Vic" is not always well behaved, — but you shall read what Charley writes.

I have a little place in the barn where we keep Vic, with a door to it. She bunted the door off its hinges and broke an iron hinge, and then she went in the wood-shed and ate a lot of apples. There is a high brick wall back of the barn, and she went and climbed up on the brick wall and ate a lot of grape leaves, and then jumped over on the other side and came home like a streak by the road. The wall is nine feet high. I think she is a pretty smart goat, don't you? CHARLEY HAGAR.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY has some very young correspondents. Here is a letter from one of them.

WHITING, Oct. 8, 1885.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — I am going to write you a letter. I have two cats. One is named Polly and the other is named Beauty. Beauty is the prettiest. I go to Sunday-school. I like my teacher very much. Please print this in the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. HELEN LAMBE.

And now here is a letter that will interest all little girls who love kittens. The "grape-house" must be a very nice place to play in.

DEAR EDITOR, — I am going to tell you about my little kitty. She is white, with a yellow head, and a yellow tail, and one little yellow spot on her back.

One day when it rained so hard we could n't go out to play, Dickie and I went out in the grape-house, and there we built her a nice little house. It had three rooms, and mamma gave us some carpet and paper. We put the carpet on the floors and papered the walls. Then we put a little piece of board up on one side, so she could go up-stairs, and we put a flag on top of the house. Outside of the house we made a flower-garden. We planted seeds, and Dickie got some asters out of his garden and put in it. Then there was a board to go down into the garden from the piazza. . . . Up-stairs we made a little bed out of a piece of cloth stuffed with hay, and we had a little trunk to put her things in. I put lots of ribbon in it and some little tassels to tie round her neck. We had a little apron and when she had her milk we put it round her neck, and when it was cold we used it for a blanket. When I give her milk she gets right into the saucer, and gets her feet all milk. So one day we washed her in a pail, and put her in the sun to dry; but she sneezed, and mamma was afraid she had a cold, so we could not wash her any more.

LOUISE.

BANGOR, ME.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 4.

New Testament Enigma: — See 1 John iii. 18, omitting first two words of verse.

Old Testament Charade: — Jay-Oh-Bee—Job.

OLD TESTAMENT CHARADE NO 2.

My first is captain of twenty-six;
My second shows donkey is in a fix;
My third was Noah's son; my whole, —
You 'll find of Scripture men a soul
That walked by faith (a "Friend of God")
And in the ways of virtue trod.

L. F. Y.

IT is entirely natural for people to form habits, so that if bad habits be avoided the good ones will generally take care of themselves.

For Youngest Readers.

HOW THEY WENT TO THANKSGIVING.

BY LUCY WHEELOCK.

HOLLY and Mollie were playing in the backyard. He was the Doctor, and was pounding up bits of stone to make powders for sick people. Mollie was the Doctor's boy. She was doing up the powders in little slips of brown paper. His real name was Hollis; but when Mollie came, they had to change his name to fit hers.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and Holly was unhappy, because Mamma had said they were not going to Grandma Squires's this year, on account of the baby.

For six years of his little life Holly had been to spend Thanksgiving with Grandma Squires, and he thought it was very hard that he could not go this time. There was such a beautiful barn full of hay there, and grandma made such good chicken-pies and cookies!

"Babies are dreffful bovers," he said to Mollie, in one of the pauses of pounding; "I feel misable 'cause we can't go to Grandma's. There's a whole mountain of rocks there, real soft ones, too. We could pound up much as a bushel."

"Oh," exclaimed Mollie. "Will Grandma let you play with it?"

"Course," said Holly. "She 'll let you do anyfing, and she never says, 'Don't make so much noise, chilen,' and she makes seed-cookies, too, — a whole tubful."

"Will she let you play bear?" asked Mollie, doubtfully.

"Oh my, yes," replied master Holly. "She 'll let you wade in the mud-puddle if you want to."

This prospect so enchanted the children that they both fell to pounding again.

Presently the ice-man came. He stopped in the kitchen to talk to Hannah, and left the gate open. A sudden idea came into Holly's busy mind. He jumped up and whispered to Mollie, "Let's just go to Grandma's ourselves! He's left the gate open, and I know the way as well's anyfing. It's just to Gusta."

Mollie was ready to go wherever her brother led, and the two little things set off on a run down the street. Pretty soon they came to a square where several streets came together. Holly was rather puzzled. "I spose this is the right one," he said, "'cause there's horse-cars on it, and the horse-cars go to Gusta." So they trudged on down the long street. When they had gone a long way, they stopped in front of a bake-shop. Both children were hungry, and Holly said, sniffing, "They smell almostly as good as Grandma's cookies."

A man stood in the door and called roughly, "What do you want?" "Oh, nofing," said Holly, as he hurried his sister away.

On and on they went. Mollie's baby feet began to grow heavy. "Is n't it most to Grandma's?" she asked, faintly.

"Oh, no," replied her brother. "Why, Grandma lives way out in the country."

Mollie began to cry. "I guess my foot's sick," she said, "it aches so."

They sat down on a curbstone to rest; but Holly saw a policeman coming and they ran on. They passed groceries, markets, and candy-stores, and grew more and more hungry. At last Mollie sat down on some steps and sobbed, "I can't walk any more. I don't want to go to Grandma's. I want to see Mamma — and baby — and — Hannah.

There was a lump in Holly's throat; but he swallowed it and said, "Well, maybe we 're mostly there. I 'll ask the man in this store."

They went into an apothecary's shop on the corner, and Holly asked timidly, "Are we mostly to Gusta?"

"Well, not exactly," said the man behind the counter; "why do you want to go there?"

"Grandma lives there, and it's Thanksgiving to-morrow, you know," said the boy, simply.

"Oh, yes," said the man, "I forgot. And so you 're going alone?"

"Y – e – s," said Holly slowly. "Mamma can't go, 'cause the baby 's little, and — and — I guess we 'd better be going."

"Sit down a minute and rest," said the man, "and have some gumdrops. Eat all you want while I am gone. I 'll be back soon."

Mollie loved gumdrops; but she had hardly swallowed one, when her tired head fell back on her chair, and she was sound asleep. Holly felt sleepy too; but it would not do for a big boy to go to sleep on the way to Grandma's. So he walked up and down the store and looked at the bottles. He was glad when the first man came back, and showed him three kittens in a basket; but kittens did not seem as cunning as usual, and he was wiping away a little tear, when who should come in but Uncle Joe! Holly never could find out how Uncle Joe happened to know about that store. He made no objection when his uncle proposed that they should go home, and Mollie clapped her hands for joy when she was wakened and saw who had come.

When Holly reached home, he rushed up to the nursery the first thing, to hug the baby, and there — sitting by the cradle — was Grandma Squires! She had come all the way from Augusta to surprise them, and had brought a bagful of seed-cookies with her. But what do you think? She said she should send every one of them to the Children's Home, for some little boy who never ran away.

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

BY GRACE D. PATTEN.

1. SING on, little birdie!
Sing out loud and gay!
Through fast-falling snow-flakes
I hear what you say.
Though the wind bloweth cold,
And the snow falleth fast,
Though Winter is coming,
And Summer is past,
Your heart still is cheerful,
Your voice is still strong,
While sweetly you're singing
Your Thanksgiving Song.

2. "What care I for Winter?
What care I for snow?
Through my thick feather jacket
The cold cannot blow.
What though the skies lower,
And night cometh on,
Before the moon rises
We must lose the sun;
And when the storm's over,—
'T will not be for long,—
You'll see why I'm singing
My Thanksgiving Song!

3. "For what are these pine-trees,
So warmly arrayed,
If not for our shelter?
Do you know, little maid?
For what these soft needles
That cover the ground,
If not for a bed-spread?
Little lad, have you found?
And why do the berries
On vines hang so long,
If I have no reason
For Thanksgiving Song?

4. "If you are unhappy,
Come out here with me;
You'll find a nice shelter
Beneath this pine-tree.
Just breathe the fresh odor!
How sweet the cones smell!
Will a time ever come
When all is not well?
And truly, I'm thinking
'T would be very wrong
If I should give up
My Thanksgiving Song."

5. Sing on, little birdie!
We will not forget
In storm or in sunshine
The lesson you set;
We'll learn to be cheerful
Whate'er may betide;
In sadness or gladness
Contented abide.
Though short are vacations
And term-time is long,
We'll still find a reason
For Thanksgiving Song.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

INSECT MECHANICS, FARMERS, AND CITIZENS.

BY D. P. G.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

When King Solomon wrote those words, it is not at all likely that he knew one half about those little insects that is now known, but he knew enough to be sure they were each day setting an example of industry it would be well to follow. Since his day, many people have devoted themselves to finding out the habits of the little creatures, and they tell us many wonderful things.

Of course you have all seen ant-hills. But do you know how they are built? Do you know that out of the sand or clay, which they knead with rain-water, the ants build pillars; that across them they throw arches; and that those piles of loose earth are one mass of corridors, halls, and chambers? But masonry is not the only kind of work they can do. Some of the ants are miners. A curious species in England, called the tuft ant, dig galleries in the clay which is their home, removing all the rubbish and building buttresses to support their work. They thatch the whole with grass or heather as a protection against wet or cold. Others again, of which we have some in the United States, are carpenters, boring into the solid timber of growing trees; chiselling out passages and chambers so delicately that the partitions will often be of no greater thickness than the paper upon which this is printed. The largest ants of all, called *Termites*, which are found in the tropics, build nests twelve feet high, which look like groups of irregular cones. In these nests there are magazines for food, chambers where the young are nursed, and galleries and passages without number, besides the most important room of all, the queen's chamber.

The ant of which Solomon wrote is an Asiatic ant. But one similar to it has been found in our State of Texas, which has been noticed, not only to feed on a certain grain, but actually "to plant, cultivate, and harvest it, laying it up in dry cells against the rainy day."

Ants are fond of sweet things, and some communities catch and keep the aphides, or plant lice, which give out a secretion called "honey-dew." These aphides have been called the cows of the ants, because they keep them for the honey they give, as we do cows for their milk. Some communities of ants keep slaves. They sally out in great numbers, and steal from other ant communities their eggs and cocoons, which they take home and hatch out, — the poor captured creatures being forever their slaves. Sir Lyon Playfair, an English naturalist, who has made a study of ants, says that as slavery is degrading to human creatures, so it is to ants. They lose strength and intellect from not making use of that which has been given them, and sometimes become unable even to feed themselves.

Sir John Lubbock, another English scientist, is trying to find out how they recognize each other, for it has been observed that they always know those of their own community. It has been supposed that they knew each other by their scent, as a dog does his master, but Sir John does not think that correct. He has immersed them in water for a long time, to remove the scent, and found that they still recognized their friends. He has even kept them apart for over a year, with the same result. That would seem to prove that they possessed memory, and that there must be something besides scent to distinguish them.

I think it is not known how long they live; but Sir John Lubbock has two ants he has kept for twelve years. They are both queens, and they continue to lay eggs, showing no signs of age except that they are a little stiff in the joints. You must know that it is only the queen ant that lays the eggs. The whole community works to take care of her and her young. They are all faithful subjects.

I hope what I have told you about these little creatures will cause you to watch them with interest when you see them again. They must be the smallest mechanics and farmers in the world.

["Uncle Harry's" article on the "Grown-up Pyrula" did not reach us in time for this number, but will appear in No. 7. — Ed.]

PROMISE AND FRUITION.

"Nevertheless afterwards."

After the sweetness is rifled and robbed,
After the bee has been there with its sting,
After the tempest has scattered the bloom,
After has vanished the splendor of spring;

After the formings and shapings so small,
After the tasteless and after the sour,
After the sunshine and after the fall,
Then do we see the kind ways of His power.

Pink blossoms have changed to clusters of gold,
And beauty of sight into beautiful food;
The tasteless and sour into sweetness untold, —
All changes and chances have issue in good.

Would, Lord, that ever we thought of thy will;
Left changes and chances wholly to thee;
Would that in trust we could live and be still,
And say through all seasons, "God's harvest shall be!"

— *Sunday Magazine.*

OLD TIMES IN RHODE ISLAND.

BY NARRAGANSETT.

"A true old-times story?" said Great-grandmother Kenyon, looking at De Vere with a smile in her bright, kind eyes.

"Yes, about Great-great-grandfather Babcock, and Cæsar, and the twin uncles, and — and — all about it."

"Dear me!" said Great-grandmother, "I have told you all those stories over and over."

"Well, Ned here has n't heard them. And yesterday, when we were in Hopkinton, we went to the old places where the twin-brothers lived, and I tried to tell Ned how many hundred acres they owned."

"Oh, they must have owned a thousand acres between them. Their farms joined, and each built him a fine mansion, with large rooms and chambers, — the largest I have ever seen in any house. The brothers looked so exactly alike that their wives could not tell them apart. Just before they were married they planned to play a joke on the young ladies to whom they were engaged. Joshua was to visit James' lady, and James, Joshua's. They carried out the joke and the girls never suspected the hoax till after they were married, and were told of it by their husbands. That seems a big story, but it is true.

"One time a man came to Joshua Babcock's to buy some sheep. He noticed what a handsome man your Uncle Joshua was, and how well he looked in his suit of homespun, and when he went away with the sheep he had bought, he carried a vivid impression of the fine-looking gentleman who had sold them. He went on to the next farm, knocked at the door with the old-fashioned knocker, and, as he thought, the same gentleman whom he had just left opened the door.

"'Why, how did you get here before me?' asked the surprised sheep-buyer.

"'I have not been off my farm to-day,' said your Uncle James.

"'Why, I am certain that I have just bought some sheep of you,' was the answer. 'I noticed the clothes that you wore, and the very buttons on your vest.'

"'It was my twin-brother, I guess,' said James. 'We dress exactly alike;' and he burst into one of his hearty laughs as he spoke. 'To prove to you that two men can look exactly alike, I will go back to Joshua's with you, and let you see us together.'

"So the stranger bought some more sheep, and the two went back to your Uncle Joshua's, where the sheep-buyer was convinced."

"It was the twin-brothers' father who owned the slaves and Cæsar, was n't it?" asked De Vere.

"Yes. He was my great-grandfather. He owned thirty slaves. Each of his sons had his groom; and there was a slave at every tack and turn. Great-grandfather was drafted to go to the war in the time of the Revolution, and his slave Cæsar said, — 'No, no. Massa must n't go. I will go.' So good Cæsar went to the war; and, when he came back, Grandfather Babcock gave him his freedom and a farm. Some of Cæsar's descendants live in Newport now and are very well-educated, well-to-do people. One of the great-granddaughters is a music teacher. Your Cousin Will went to see her last summer.

"In those old times," said Great-grandmother, "they had to make almost everything that was used in the family. The flax was raised, and hetchelled, and carded, and spun, and wove into linen for shirts, and sheets, and tablecloths. The wool was sheared and carded at home, and the mother and daughters spent their evenings spinning, after the supper was over. And no matter how many slaves there were in the household, the daughters must all learn to milk. That was an accomplishment that must n't be neglected. Even the soda that was used in cooking was manufactured at home."

"The soda!" echoed De Vere.

"Yes. Corn cobs were burnt on the broad hearth, and the ashes were leached; then the sediment of the leaching was allowed to dry, and that was home-made soda.

"When Great-uncle Joshua, one of the twin-brothers, you know, built his house, he manufactured all the lime that was used in plastering. He went to the seashore, procured oyster shells, ground them, and so made lime."

"That was a job," said De Vere's friend Ned. "I don't see how those old-time folks found hours enough, out of the twenty-four, to do so much."

"They got up at four o'clock in the morning," said Great-grandmother, — "and they did n't let the grass grow under their feet."

"Tell us about going to Providence horseback," said Ned, — "and how your mother put her shoulder out of joint."

"That will do for another story," said Great-grandmother.

Teachers' Department.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY. — ANNUAL MEETING.

We wish all the superintendents and teachers in our Sunday-schools could have shared the pleasure and gained the inspiration of those delegate and life members of the Sunday-school Society, who attended the Annual Meeting at Providence, October 28 and 29.

The opening meeting on Wednesday evening, at Rev. Mr. Slicer's church, was largely attended. The able and instructive discourse by Rev. M. J. Savage was introduced by a responsive and musical service by the Sunday-schools of the three Unitarian Societies of Providence, assisted by the choir of the First Church. Seldom have we listened to church music so grandly devotional and so finely rendered. The youthful voices, well trained and admirably led, sang both with the spirit and the understanding, and the service of song left the large congregation in a susceptible mood for the quickening thoughts of the preacher. Of the discourse we have space only to say that it laid solid foundations for the work of the home and the Sunday-school in the religious education of the young. In a future number we hope to recur to some of its inspiring and instructive passages.

The exercises of the following day were held in the Westminster Church (Rev. Mr. Woodbury's), which, from the opening service of devotion at 9 A. M. to the closing hymn sung at 4 P. M., was well filled by an attentive and interested congregation. Rev. E. F. Hayward conducted the devotional service and spoke earnestly of the value of keeping the religious open-mindedness of childhood. Rev. W. P. Tilden and Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke took up the subject of family devotions, and urged the necessity of impressing upon the minds of children the beauty and value of prayer. In no better way can this be done than by some brief and simple service of devotion each day in the home, followed by the exhibition of a religious spirit in all the words and actions of the day. Dr. Clarke spoke of Burns's poem of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" as finely illustrating the power of such a home-service.

The regular business session was opened at ten o'clock, by a brief address of welcome and congratulation from the President, Rev. E. A. Horton. Then came the Treasurer's and Secretary's Reports, bristling with figures and facts, showing what had been done, what could be done, and what was needed to enable the Society to carry out its many plans for greater usefulness.

The other business of the meeting consisted in the election of officers, the introduction of an amendment to the By-Laws, — bringing the Annual Meeting into the month of May, but providing for an autumnal conference each year, — and the choosing of a Nominating Committee for the next year. Then came the addresses and speeches of the forenoon meeting. Rev. John Cuckson, of Springfield, spoke first, on the Sunday-school in England and America. It was a new thing to many of his hearers to learn of the devotion and self-denial of English Unitarians in the work, carried on for many years, of giving secular instruction to the children of the poor. Their labors were missionary in the truest sense, and their faithful service is a lesson and an example to our Sunday-school teachers, from whom, as a rule, far less of work and of self-sacrifice is required. Of late years, in England, — since the passage of the Education Act in 1870, — the Sunday-schools have become schools for moral and religious education, an education which, to use the speaker's own forcible words, "is only valuable to the extent that it is conducive to a religious temper, a reverent, sweet, and forgiving disposition, and the habitual cultivation of a prayerful and a helpful spirit." Mr. Cuckson had an earnest and a timely word to say on the Sunday-school in our own country, but we cannot give a further report of his address, in the present number of our paper. He was followed by Mr. William H. Baldwin, of Boston, in one of his characteristic addresses, full of earnestness and abounding in direct appeals for consecration to the Sunday-school cause, and the liberal support of the Sunday-School Society. Then came Rev. Mr. Hayward, who gave wise suggestions touching the relation of the parish to the Sunday-school; and Rev. Mr. Bulkeley, of Concord, who advocated the attendance of parents at the school, and urged the inculcation of Unitarian doctrine. Brief and interesting speeches on various phases of Sunday-school work by Rev. Mr. Green, of Gloucester, Mr. G. W. Warren, of Boston, and Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Newton Centre, brought the morning session to a close.

After the bountiful collation provided by the Providence societies had been partaken of by the four or five hundred persons, whom much speaking had made sufficiently hungry, the afternoon session was opened by a thoughtful paper from Rev. W. P. Tilden on "The Duties of the Minister to the Sunday-school." This was followed by some excellent remarks from Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, on "The Duties of Parents to the Sunday-school." We hope to give our readers some extracts from each of these addresses, in future numbers of our paper. Then came an hour of general discussion, in which the still large and attentive congregation were interested to the end.

Our space altogether fails us to give any report of the capital things said by such ministers as Rev. I. F. Porter, Rev. J. J. Twiss, Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, Rev. E. C. Abbott, and Rev. T. R. Slicer, and by Mr. William Crosby, of the Children's Mission. Mr. Crosby's suggestion, that $6,000 ought to be given to the Sunday-School Society, the coming year, through 600 new life-members at $10 each, is commended to the attention of all our readers.

The usual resolutions of thanks to speakers and hosts were passed; and at four o'clock the audience dispersed, the majority taking the trains for Worcester and Boston, and rejoicing that the drenching rain which accompanied their homeward journey had not fallen before to dampen the enthusiasm which the meetings had awakened.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

The admirable address on this topic by Mr. S. S. Green at the Sunday-School Union meeting, October 19, was followed by a very interesting debate. Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale was the first speaker, and seldom has he spoken more suggestively or more humorously than in his fifteen minutes' talk on books for the young. He believed in persuading children to read on Sunday only such books as directly tend to uplift the life and give strength to the will. For the Sunday-school library he would select books of an elevating tone, and then, numbering them according to the pupils' ages, would give them out in order, not allowing the child — who cannot, as a rule, know what he ought to read — to take out the books he might happen to think that "he liked." He believed a book should always have an attractive title, and told the fate of a most excellent and entertaining book, written by Miss Sedgwick, which was unread simply because it was called "The Morals of Pleasure." Mr. Hale amused his hearers by narrating the experiences of some shrewd Nantucket folks who, on finding that several good books were never taken from the library, had them all rebound and renamed, when the formerly neglected volumes soon reached a wide circulation, and were enjoyed by all who read them.

Mr. Robert C. Metcalf, superintendent of the Winchester Unitarian Sunday-school, ably defended his view, that a library, except for text and reference books, is a useless appendage to a Sunday-school. The object of the school is character building; the agencies, good teachers and suggestive manuals. A library cannot be of any possible use for the object which the school seeks to accomplish unless it can be made to touch the actual work of the school.

Rev. Pitt Dillingham thought well of the Sunday-school library, and would not limit its volumes to books for the younger children. Let the Sunday-school teacher welcome and improve the opportunity of directing some of the reading of the pupils when the scholars are most susceptible to such shaping influences.

The Secretary of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society called the attention of the audience to the good reading-matter furnished in the stories and other articles in Every Other Sunday.

Mr. Bigelow, of Watertown, and Mr. Whitman, of Cambridge, continued the discussion; and some excellent suggestions on the way to manage a Sunday-school library were offered by Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Newton Centre. He would have the library cards all arranged before the session, and all the books given out after the session had closed.

Miss Hannah James, of the Newton Public Library, spoke earnestly in favor of limiting the books in the Sunday-school library to those for children under twelve years of age.

The debate on this interesting question was one of the best that the Union has listened to, and was in many ways a most profitable discussion to all who heard it.

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOLS.

At the November meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union on Monday evening, the 16th, Rev. S. H. Winkley gave an illustrative talk on the topic: "How to use a Question-book in Sunday-School Teaching."

Those schools that used Miss Kate L. Brown's Concert Exercise for Harvest Sunday will be glad to learn that the Sunday-School Society has just published a Christmas Concert Exercise by the same author. (See advertisement on p. 48.)

Two new Unitarian Sunday-schools have lately been organized in places where there is no Unitarian church. One of these is in Montague, Mass., where there is much enthusiasm and the promise of a successful undertaking. The other is at Longwood, Mass., which held its first session on November 1, with forty-two scholars and forty-six adults in attendance. Dr. Frank Wells is the superintendent, and with the valuable help of Rev. H. N. Brown, of Brookline, this school at Longwood will enter at once, we are quite sure, upon a useful career.

THE following Board of Directors of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society for the year 1885–86, were chosen at the meeting in Providence, viz. : —

President: Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston. Vice-Presidents: J. W. Porter, of Neponset; Rev. C. F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain. Clerk and General Secretary: Rev. Henry G. Spaulding, Newton. Treasurer: J. Mason Everett, Canton. Directors: Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Boston; Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, Dorchester; Rev. Minot J. Savage, Boston; Rev. George H. Young, Boston; Miss Elizabeth P. Channing, Milton; Rev. H. N. Brown, Brookline; Rev. J. F. Moors, D.D., Greenfield; H. S. Sears, Weston.

THE VALUE OF A REVIEW IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

THOSE of our schools using the Lesson Quarterlies issued by the Sunday-School Society have by this time reached the review lesson of the first number, and a few words upon the subject may not be out of place. Every one knows how important are reviews in the work of the day-school. There is no reason to suppose them less important or useful in Sunday-school work.

"The true measure of your scholar's knowledge is not what you have declared to him, not what he seemed to understand of your teaching, but what he can restate to you in his own language."

We quote the above from a most excellent book for Sunday-school teachers, — "Teaching and Teachers," by H. Clay Trumbull, D.D. Of the necessity of a frequent repetition of that which is to be learned, he says: —

"We rarely learn a truth or a thing by a single hearing or a single effort at doing. . . . Seldom can even a sincere lover of music catch a new tune . . . if he hears it no more than once. . . . Men of the strongest mental powers want to read over and over again those books which they value most; and their feeling is that they could not learn all that those books can teach them without those repeated readings. . . . Reviewing a truth once learned is essential to fastening the truth firmly in the mind that has received it. 'Repetition is the mother of studies.' That was the way in which our Lord and his disciples frequently impressed a truth to which they attached peculiar importance." [See Mark x. 23–27, and John xxi. 15–17, also Paul's Epistle to the Philippians.] "There has been no time since when there was not an added power in simple repetition as a means of fastening a truth in the minds of hearers or readers. . . . A few review questions on last Sunday's lesson may wisely be asked at the beginning of each Sunday's teaching lesson. A few questions tending to bring out the chief points of the day's teaching may follow at the close of that exercise."

But what specially concerns those teachers now on the review lessons in the Quarterly is what Dr. Trumbull has to say regarding the "new-view" to be obtained by just such a lesson:

"A review of a series of words or statements, of facts or truths, which were before taken up singly, and were looked at only in their separateness, may give an utterly new view of the whole, — a view of them in relation to each other, and to a common whole, — which would not have been possible except from this latter standpoint of observation. This *new-viewing* of the whole, in the review of the teaching work of a month, or a quarter, or a year, is a phase of reviewing which cannot be ignored, or neglected, by any teacher, without a loss to his scholar of that view of truth which would be likely to prove of more value to him than all which he has gained thus far from his teacher's teachings. I do not mean to claim that the word 'reviewing' in itself means new-viewing, in the sense of which I here speak of new-viewing, and that on the other hand, it does not mean reiteration, repetition, recapitulation, or revision; for the word 'reviewing,' by dictionary definition and in common usage, covers all the separate meanings of those words severally. But I do claim . . . that the new-viewing of a series of lessons is a distinctive, an important, and an indispensable feature of reviewing, in wise Sunday-school teaching; that it is, in fact, the pre-eminent phase of all stated reviewing in the Sunday-school teaching work. . . . A man might handle every brick which entered into the building of a house, and even have a part in laying each successive course of bricks in that house, from foundation to coping; and yet have no real knowledge of the form and appearance of that house as a whole. Only as he obtained a new view of those bricks in their final relation to each other in that building, by standing off from it when it was completed, and reviewing all the work on it in which he had a part, can he intelligently understand the outline and dimensions, or have any just sense of the general effect, of that structure in its entirety. . . . Each single lesson has its series of truths which ought to be looked at in perspective at the lesson's close, as, indeed, that series of truths cannot be looked at before."

These words have a special application to Mr. Spaulding's work in the Quarterlies, because each lesson grows out of the preceding one, and has to do with the lesson following; and all together are to be taken as the teachings of Jesus which, closely followed, make the Christian character. The first lesson, on "Son and Brother," presents the idea of the sonship of man to God, and our universal brotherhood. The lesson on "Who is my Neighbor?" shows what duties spring immediately from this relation of brotherhood; and the lessons that follow, on "Justice," "Anger," "Forgiveness," "Sympathy," "Love," etc., show still further the duties that we owe to those who are our brothers, thus bringing us back to the first lesson. Any thoughtful teacher will see how they are all connected and should be viewed as a whole, and will also see the helpfulness of this "new-viewing" at the end of the quarter. In closing, let me commend the book I have so fully quoted from to the attention of all teachers. P.

Our Book Table.

NOTE. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, 7 *Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

FROM TANNERY TO THE WHITE HOUSE. The Life of Ulysses S. Grant: His Boyhood, Youth, Manhood, Public and Private Life and Services. By William M. Thayer. Illustrated. Boston: James H. Earle. pp. 481. Price, $1.50.

This book — a companion to the Lives of Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield, written by the same author — will prove interesting to the youth of both sexes. The story is simply told, without any attempt at fine writing; but such a life as that of Grant does not need grace of style to make it hold its readers. The writer presents the boy and man before us in truthful colors, and makes both dear to every one who loves this — his and our — country. Like everything fairly written about our great commander, it gives a worthy and encouraging example for all to follow, showing, as it does, how faithfulness in small things opens the way to opportunities for great ones. P.

FOR CHRISTMAS SUNDAY.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society have issued:

1. **The Wonderful Star.** A Sunday-School Exercise for Eighteen Children, with Recitations in verse. By Miss KATE L. BROWN. Price, 5 cents a copy (including the page of music for the carol).
2. **A Christmas Service** reprinted from the S. S. Service Book, with a Carol and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," from the Hymnal. Price, $2.50 per hundred; 3 cents per copy.
3. **Mr. Spaulding's Christmas Service of 1884** (containing the Song, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," etc.). Price reduced to 3 cents per copy, and $2.50 per hundred.
4. **Mr. Spaulding's Christmas Service of 1883,** with Carols, Processional, etc. Price, 3 cents per copy; $2.50 per hundred.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

The uniform subscription price will be *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their school.

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II. FOR INTERMEDIATE CLASSES.

Sunday-school Lessons on the Teachings of Jesus. By Rev. HENRY G. SPAULDING, Secretary of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society.

These Lessons form the "One-Topic" Series for the Sunday-school year 1885–1886. They are practical and spiritual in their character, setting forth the ethical and religious teachings of the discourses and parables of Jesus, and will be issued in four quarterly numbers, each containing ten lessons, with Review. Price, 10 cts. for each number; per dozen, $1.00; fifty or more copies, 7½ cts. each. Yearly subscription, single copy, 40 cts.; per dozen, $4.00; fifty or more copies, 30 cts. each.

No. I., Lessons I.–X., with Review, is now ready.

Questions Concerning the Son of Man. By Rev. S. H. WINKLEY. Paper, 25 cts.

Lessons on the Life of Saint Paul. By Rev. E. H. HALL. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 35 cts., or $4.00 per dozen.

III. FOR ADULT OR BIBLE CLASSES.

Outlines of Christian History. By Rev. JOSEPH H. ALLEN. Cloth, 50 cts.; per dozen, $6.00. Large-margin copies, for teachers, $1.00.

The Bible for Beginners. The Old Testament. By Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS. Second edition. pp. 275. Cloth. $1.00.

Just Published:

A Common-sense View of the Books of the Old Testament. By Rev. RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D.D. pp. 328. Cloth, $1.50.

Full Catalogue of the Publications issued, and for sale, by the Society will be sent on application; and Specimen Copies of text-books will be sent to teachers for examination.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.